

## NUMBER 47

St. Louis, November 16.—The Republic from Aline, Sher 2, Elliot and Walker ranger force arrested a gangster on a passenger train for a number of Aline. Suspected of complicity in the robbery. After being loaded aboard a train, a passenger of the train. His name is J. L. Taylor.







## SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS FROM ANXIOUS READER.

Editorial Rights to Deadhead Tickets, Fast Railroad Time and the Assassination of Hens—Some Pointers on Dress Suits and an Autograph Album Verse.

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The following letters of inquiry are awaiting answers, and I have to square myself with the correspondents by replying through the customary channel, in order that the general public may thus ascertain the benefits of a well-stored mind and the patient research of a lifetime.

Benjamin P. Coon, of Wausau, Wis., writes as follows: "Will you tell me whether I ought to attack the theatre



SHE RAISED THE HATCHET.

manager referred to personally or through the papers? Six weeks ago a theatre manager told me that if I would notice his theatre each week I would be entitled to two tickets at his house, I pushed a suit, but pure and sprightly weekly paper here called The Wausau Times. I suppose of the theatre manager, but for six weeks could not get away to Chicago to see the play, as my boots were not yet completed.

"Night before last I went in and took twelve people, as regarded myself, entitled to two tickets per week for the six weeks. Curious of my surprise when I was met gruffly at the box office by a man who sneeringly gave me two tickets only and told me to move on. My friend's car fare, as I had come away in preparation to meet such an exigency, feeling certain that I would be treated right when I got there. Now, should I attack him personally, or give him a cutting editorial in The Times? Tell me as soon as you can, as I ought to attend to it right away, before the matter blows over.

You should write him a scathing letter, print a highly abusive editorial at the same time, and then attack him with brass knuckles on the following evening. It has been held by the supreme court of Massachusetts and Nebraska that a weekly or daily notice of a theatre or railroad is cumulative, and entitles the notice to the aggregated increment of cumulative notices. For example, if a paragraph scolding to a railroad be good for a pass, a repetition of the scolding paragraph would entitle the notice to still another pass and so on. Therefore if you had chosen to remain at home all the year, and mention the theatre regularly and in a friendly way daily, you would be entitled at the end of the year to what might be called a Wausau day at the theatre, with souvenirs. You could also have the house furnished with cranberry blossom, and soft voiced ushers would come and bathe your feet.

Now, knowing the law and your rights in the case, nothing remains for you to do but to attack the manager and make him feel that he had reconsidered the matter before he had so readily consented to be born.

P. D. Q. Amherst, Mass., writes to know (1) what is the fastest railroad time made in America. 2. Also whether it is proper for a wife in the absence of her husband to kill a hen for dinner, and what it does not concern one to do so.

1. The fastest time made for one mile so far as I know was 50 seconds; Edward Osmond, engineer. The fastest time made on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern by a locomotive conveying a fire engine to Sing Sing, 8 minutes. 2. Was done in February, 1874. The fastest time for 111 miles was made in 1881, time, 98 minutes. It was on the Canada Southern, and was the occasion of the conveying of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, whose brilliant remarks and low estimate regarding the public were the cause of the deepest shame and sorrow on the part of the public.

2. A woman may or may not kill a hen, as she may deem proper. Mr. McAlister says, but she should not mutilate it through tenderness of heart. Once I knew of a beautiful society lady who lost her husband by death. He caught cold while sitting up at night in a negligee suit waiting for his wife to come home from one of the Parisian balls in New York. He died quite suddenly, leaving his beautiful wife almost wholly unprotected for. The life insurance company burst with a loud report as he breathed his last, and so was was a lone in New York with no means whatever, and as he seemed some new gamps into her rich, delicate party dresses the ready ready rolled down her beautifully cumulated cheeks.

Driven at last by the pangs of hunger and decided to kill a hen, of which she had seven in her own right on the death of her husband. It was a sad sight to see her in her heavy, long crepe veil, which was soon covered with burdock hairs, chasing a cemented hen all day, the back of. No one could with dry eyes view the once proud and haughty society leader chasing this insignificant fowl, with a chicken pole through the messy dirt, while the miscellaneous orcs caught up her drapery, and flinging it far and wide gave fearful visions of hand embroidered and lace thread-

sacks and pantaloons with costly ruffling about the edges.

Many who saw her turned away to hide their swift falling and scalding tears. At last she disabled the hen, and set her to the block, where an obese butcher was ready to behead the poor and somewhat senile fowl. Twice she spat on her pink palm and grasped the weapon, only to give it up again. Twice she gathered her strength, but the fowl appeared to her so powerfully that she turned away. The third time she raised the hatchet she held in her right hand to take the life of the hatchet and held in her left, and closing her eyes, with a faint groan, she brought down the shining blade with all its force, cutting off the head of the poor hen just back of the neck.

With a series of agony the great society leader went to her room and hung herself on the bed. After taking a long draught from a beautifully lacquered earthenware jug, a gallon she became calmer. The hen was found years after half way up the rain water pipe of a deserted chateau, and was recognized by the absence of a bill and the imbecile fling in one of her wisdom teeth.

Al BaJa, Cairo, Illinois, writes to ask how long it takes to properly digest the food we most commonly eat.

That depends of course on what! All most commonly eat. Part of the food requires three hours and forty-five minutes. Roast canvasback duck, stuffed with olives and followed by a short, crisp spection on the ribs, requires over four hours for digestion. Roast beef requires three hours; soft boiled eggs three hours. Also hard boiled, or fried on both sides, or "fried in both eyes," as Mr. McAlister so naively puts it in his great work on society as he found it, suffering from exposure.

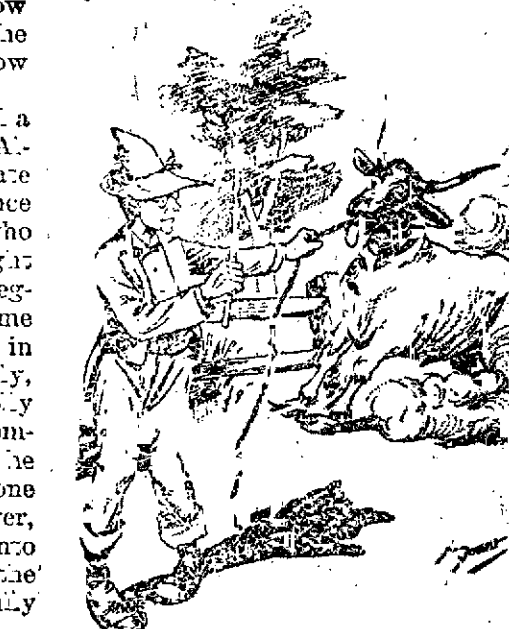
Romance, for instance, requires three hours and thirty minutes, baked any one hour and twenty minutes, custard the three hours; potato to greens with pigs' low, a la De Monico, requires two hours and eighty minutes; milk two hours and twenty minutes, homemade bread made during the honeymoon three weeks, angel food made from celestial recipe twenty-four hours, chicken a la saute two hours, chicken passe three hours, chicken a la mode two and three-fourths hours.

Lalla Rookh, East Friendship, Rhode Island, asks: "1. When is the proper time to put on a dress suit? 2. What will a dress suit cost? 3. Should one wear full dress on communion Sunday unless in good standing in the church? 4. You must mix up a good deal with the best society in New York: is there as much drinking there as we read about? 5. Is there any way of removing a sartorial or sartorial stain? 6. What is the best of Wheeler Wilcox's Poems of Passion? 7. What is good for cleanliness? 8. What would be a good verse for an autograph album?"

The proper time to put on a dress suit is dinner time, according to the best usage, though if we have a picked up dinner, and in the middle of the day, or on one of the full dress and come down in the same suit which I have worn in the forenoon while breaking steers or doing other light household work. Dinner dress contains, however, that the dinner suit, not be earlier than 6 o'clock. People who eat dinner promptly when the noon whistle blows rarely wear it, evening dress at dinner, for they would have to again sweat themselves before they could resume their plowing. Nothing is in worse taste than the custom of plowing or husking corn in full dress. If you have just purchased a new dress suit, you will probably wear it a little earlier in the day than you will after you have and it some time. Do not be too eager, however, to wear it, for it is very poor taste indeed to wear full dress at day or at mass.

Your wife should also wear full dress when you do unless she should prefer to remain out of sight. The wife's full dress may consist of lace over dress with waist and skirt, or skirt any low. Some wear a corsage in place of the waist, and skirt with flusion, though it is more common to scorn all efforts at flusion and be perfectly frank, open and above board.

At first your wife will hesitate about appearing in full dress, but by resorting to stimulants she will overcome this natural reserve and converse with great freedom. 2. A full dress suit will cost you the price of a good cow at least, say from \$75 to \$100, though the former price will give you as good satisfaction if come by a good honest laborer as the latter. In England you can get one of equal quality for \$25, and there will be enough extra cash in the suit to make your little boy a nice overcoat.



BREAKING A STEER IN A DRESS SUIT.

3. One should not wear a full dress suit or bow one's nose on a black suit, and should not be in the communion table. 4. Is verre and vis-a-vis. Even if you are in good standing you will look better in a black frock coat, with vest and trousers of some dark material. The same rule will apply to immemorial. Never try to attract attention by being immaculate in full dress. A young lady acquaintance of mine obtained remission of her dress, and while being immersed in a full dress Chupa de Sweeney of elaborate workmanship, caught cold in one of

her lungs after being all day up by walking along the river, being a like because time, and now coughs like everything.

A. Not there is far less dining in New York than generally reported, so far as good society is concerned. In our set, which really has a great influence in molding the customs of Europe, we rarely drink to excess. Now and then we take a glass of beer with our venison or drink a little port wine in the spring of the year, but most of us can drink or we can abstain. We seldom get drunk, and some of us do not drink at all. I think I use less and less of the wine drink every year. I dare to put an enemy in my mouth that will not give me the use of my own brain for more than an hour or two a day.

5. You may remove a sartorial stain by using a stump puller, but you must use discretion with it or you will give yourself needless pain. The same is true of sartorial stain. You can remove it, but in digging to the roots or blowing them out with dynamite great care must be used not to hurt the pores of the skin or follicles.

6. A very good verse to write in an album, I think, would be something like the following:

Go, little booklet, go,  
bearing each honored name,  
if ever you find your way west  
they're glad that you have come.

*Bill Nye*

Supplying the Correct Time.

Washington Letter.

To make a clear case necessary to explain that the big news observation at Washington considers it an important part of its business to determine and give away to anyone who chooses to ask for it absolutely correct time at noon each day. Experts paid by Uncle Sam make the computations and press the button at precisely 12 o'clock, thus communicating the hour to the various telegraph stations in the city. The Western Union is permitted to have its instruments in the room whence the message is sent, with an attachment to the button, so that the news is carried directly from the observation without even the aid of an operator or over the United States, reaching even so distant a point as San Francisco within the space of not more than one-half of a second. For such is the utmost "twinkling" required for the passage of an electric spark through 3000 miles of wire.

To accomplish this the telegraph company is obliged to take other business of the wires each day just before 12 o'clock. Three minutes and a half before noon arrives, operators in all parts of the country cease sending or receiving messages, and devote their attention to a teaching wire in such a manner as to establish an unbroken connection from Washington with points in every section of the nation to which the lines extend their ramifications. A dozen seconds before the time, to strike a few warning bells come cascading down, and at the very moment when the sun passes over the seventy-fifth meridian a current gives a single throbb through Maine to Florida and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, informing an expectant nation of the time of day.

Now, the way in which the telegraph company makes money by distributing the time in this manner is by selling it to people all over the United States who have clocks and find it of importance to keep them right. In this manner it keeps corrected by electricity to absolute solar time no less than 7,000 clocks in the city of New York alone. As the company is obliged to get out of the way of the wires connecting these instruments with the main office in Washington. But it must be remembered that the cost of sending telegraphic operations for four minutes in the quarter part of each day throughout the entire country is not inconsiderable.

Future of South Africa.

Fortnightly Review.

The resources of South Africa are simply enormous, and it has been done yet to reveal them to a fainter ear; of what will be done. The gold industry is just beginning to be placed upon a proper footing, and yet the return already amounts to a couple of millions a year. The greater portion of the known gold fields are yet unworked, waiting for the railways which must soon reach them. Silver mining is being prosecuted with vigor, and promises the most excellent results. Coal of good quality exists almost everywhere in vast quantities, and other minerals abound. Large industrial populations will spring up, and the prosperity of those who follow agriculture and pastoral pursuits must, with the increase of railway communication, be assured. The prospect is assuredly a bright one.

A South African devotedly wrote that it may not be marred by any known interference from outside. There is room for any number of men to settle in the country, and the means of the future will leave the overcrowded British Isles, and establish new homes over there. The better, but they must come as colonists and make up their minds to be South Africans. They enter a land that is their country to settle South Africa without the faintest recognition of the rights and the position of the people who are there already, or that the "Dutch must go to the wall" and be left to go there on the way. Newcomers must resolve to acquire race qualities and customs of the people who are there already, and to be a part of the community and work of the land, and not to be a foreigner in the land.

I must be left to the people of South Africa to work out their own destiny, untroubled by the imperialist and the imperialist. The British and the American may look on with equal interest at the realization of the dream of the South African people who have been so long waiting for the day when they may be able to wave or peacefully disengage in the process of time, there will be a practically untroubled domain, a vast Africa civilization, and British empire as well. I have the fullest scope to assure themselves.

## SWISS SEASIDE.

THE SWISS SEASIDE. A DOCTRINE OF THE DOCTRINE.

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Now, who would have believed twenty years ago, that a special train de luxe three times a week between London and Switzerland could ever be made to pay? Yet it has been paying the last season, or during a part of it, for only put on when the season was well advanced, and is to be resumed next year when the season opens. Thanks to the London, Chatham and Dover, and the North-eastern railway of France. By arrangement between these and connecting Swiss lines, a train of restaurant and fauvel cars runs through from London in twenty-one hours to Basel, and thence to Zurich or Lucerne. To one who can recall the easy going, slow coach travel of even a quarter of a century ago, this seems an improvement, but incredible.

And here is another instance of enterprise growing out of the incessant endeavor made in Switzerland to provide new amusement for strangers. Few Swiss lakes are more soft and lovely in their beauty than the Lake of Zurich. A banking company in this city has hit upon a happy thought of putting upon the lake next season a fleet of small "Zurichers" steamers capable of holding thirty or forty passengers each, and running them for the accommodation of strangers, partly on regular routes, partly at the disposal of parties engaging them. In this way, at a comparatively trifling price, any family or group of friends may engage a pleasure steamer for a day or half a day already manned and equipped, just as they would hire their own "Daubigny" for a trip on the Nile, or a coach for a drive across country.

And without risk of becoming weary, some one may go on to speak of the recent wonderful growth of inclined railways in Switzerland. Time was when the trip up to the Rigi Klam, from either Arth or Vitznau, was one of the wonders of the age. But now, in addition to those lines, we have the steeper, well-tracked to the summit of Pilatus, the latter railway from Menzengraben up to Glion, the road from Zurich up to the Tellerberg, from the top of which one can see nearly all of Switzerland, and the glacial, yet perfectly safe, ascent to the peaks of St. Salvator and Monte Generoso, overlooking the Lake of Lugano, nearly all of Tessin, and a good part of Lombardy. Nor is this all. In a few years we shall have the new railway over the Simplon, forming another great highway for Italy, and, more wonderful still, the proposed inclined railway, it may more properly be called a sub-surface elevator, to the top of Jungfrau. Of this the foreigners may be certain, that Swiss enterprise keeps pace with the insatiable demands of the tourists; sight-seer, and that both the courage and the money are invariably forthcoming when there is any new and daring enterprise to be planned and carried out for the decoration of the summer stranger.

Another capital idea, too, with which tourists will have a credit Swiss enterprise, is the establishment in the principal cities of so-called "general inquiry offices," where any stranger may apply, free of charge, for whatever information he desires in regard to routes, time tables, connections, fares, and all the thousand and one matters that a tourist is continually "wanting to know, you know." It was Zurich that started the idea in 1885, to believe, and it has taken life widely; but now every Swiss town of any importance has its inquiry bureau, presided over by a competent and well-informed director, provided with a vast library of newspapers and general travelers' literature, and maintained entirely by the liberal contributions of the people of the town. Somebody who has been keeping tally states that in this city the number of guests accommodated at hotels this year, thus far, has reached the enormous number of 23,000, or 30,000 more than were registered during the same period in 1889. These inquiry offices are purveyors of literature as well. A mean of literature calculated to assist and beguile the traveler on his way through this land of lake and glacier. During the present season the office in Zurich has had prepared for gratuitous distribution 10,000 copies of a very handsome little pamphlet in the English language and colorful illustrations, entitled "A Trip Through Switzerland," while the St. Gotthard Railway company has also, with characteristic enterprise, issued a similar edition of an illustrated pamphlet, also in English, descriptive of its line and its connections. The increase of travel by the St. Gotthard during the last two seasons has been quite remarkable, by the way. People are going more and more every year to Seggio, Lugano, Como, Pallanza and all the other charming spots which dot the shores of the Italian lakes, and the through travel coming from India and the Orient, via the Suez canal, is now largely finding its way over this attractive and picturesque route, delivering its passengers in London in the surprising short time of 31 hours after their landing in Brindisi.

GEORGE A. CATLIN.

The new number of the Quarterly Review contains an article upon the modern revival of interest in magic, from which we extract some of the more interesting passages: "It has been supposed that the caves of grottoes and incantations, of casting horoscopes and making prophecies upon quills, and various other superstitious practices have been swept away with the dust of the ages. But it is very far from being the fact. And during the last ten years greater interest has been taken in these subjects than for more than a century. In that

short period at least fifty volumes dealing with the magical arts have been published in English and French alone, without counting the very numerous volumes of the same nonsense called "astrology," which have a more or less intimate connection with the spiritualistic movement. And the revival of interest in these matters has not been merely literary. It has often been practical, and we are not revealing any closely kept secret when we say that in more than one laboratory in London adepts are at this moment making wondrous endeavors to obtain the "primary matter" of the philosopher's stone. Dr. Bar-mann, who is a high priest of the spiritual, a chemist, claims indeed to have actually performed transmutation; while a Monsieur Louis Constant, a Frenchman who wrote under the pseudonym of "Elias Levi," has left a sprightly account of how, not many years ago, he called up the spirit of Apollonius of Tyana in a London drawing room. Ceremonies of magic, in without doubt, extensively practiced in England at the present time; while scores of convinced adepts are daily seeking the secrets of the stars.

The absolute essential for the making of alchemical gold was the "primary matter," the first and most precious of all the elements of transmutation. The primary matter, the adepts taught, was neither animal, vegetable, nor mineral; it was simply the matter, out of which the world was made. For centuries the universe was transacted in a wide endeavor to obtain this elusive matter, which was reputed to be so exceedingly valuable that, although generated in the night by the earth and the stars, it had entirely vanished by sunrise. Scarcely any natural object, from oak to egg and from escaped testing, in the hope that it might be the much-coveted primary matter. Many a chemist has been leveled in mercury; still more put their faith in silver; while others sought at minerals a altogether. Roger Bacon was one of these. Arnold de Villanova, a Frenchman, and his followers perseveringly experimented with every variety of salt, to no end. At one time there was a run upon lizards and serpents; then came the turn of vegetable matter; meteoric stones were tried; so were snow, dew and rain water; even human flesh was produced in a mortar and placed over the fire.

Stories have sometimes been told of the finding of bank notes between the leaves of old books; but alchemical literature contains at least one narrative of how a treasure, vastly more splendid, was found in a book. As this narrative has never been printed in English we translate a few sentences. The original is MS. No. 17 in the Bibliotheca de l'Armenia, and is entitled "Recueil de M. Ducas, sur la Transmutation des Metaux." "Aussin van Boet, a Flemish physician, found in his father's library an ancient parchment manuscript in an old and broken binding. When he opened the book, which bore the title 'Cyprianus Aureum,' he pulled out of the wooden binding, in one of the boards he found a small cavity, in which was concealed a folded strip of parchment. Inside the parchment was a small paper envelope containing a grain of red powder. Thinking this might perhaps be the philosopher's powder, he made a protection upon mercury, and it was at once transmuted into gold.

Royal personages, down to two centuries ago, seem to have had an incurable belief after transmutation. There is extant in the Bibliotheca Nationale, an agreement, dated 1567, whereby Charles IX. promises the Sieur de Peseux to erect sundry sundries into marquisates, counties and baronies in return for his alchemical transmutations promised by the clever courtier. Alchemy never took so strong a hold upon the popular imagination in England as in some foreign countries; but Roger Bacon claimed that he could make gold. It has been advanced for Raymond Lull that, while in the Tower of London, where he was kept as a kind of prisoner by Edward III., he had invented the process of transmutation, and in 1300, which was coined into 3,000,000 of rose nobles. But alchemy has no more persistent enemy than facts; and the first English rose noble was not coined until 1465, under Edward IV. There was a coinage of Loaves in 1344, when Edward III. was king; and they, too, have been attributed to alchemy, but the story in that case was the most, George Riley.

The Rosicrucian is no more extinct than the alchemist; but as he exists in England and now he is usually a mere "Rosicrucian Mason." But he is a secret profound mystery about himself; his beliefs and his achievements, which only they who are within the veil can understand, may vary from the most trivial to the most sublime, and the Society of Brethren of the Rosy Cross, which can only be recruited from among Freemasons, since certain of the absurdly styled "Masonic secrets" are "revealed" to the accepted. It possesses many magnificent named officers: Three magi, a master, general, seven adepts, a conductor of novices, a heretic, a master of the temple, and so on. The total number of members is restricted to twelve, because that is the square of three. The honorary presidency is held by a "docteur." The society possesses until a few years ago a quarterly publication called the Rosicrucian. Nobody who is well acquainted with such words of the late Lord Lytton as "A Strange Story," will be surprised to learn that he was "grand patron" of this Rosicrucian society.

The Imperial Bank of Germany.

London Cor. of the Financial Chronicle.

During the past two months the Imperial Bank has lost about seven and a half millions sterling in gold. Two and a half millions sterling were taken by the Russian government. The remainder went to other foreign countries, and the grain still continues. The export trade is depressed, imports are large, and speculation is exceedingly active. The Imperial Bank has been lending immense sums to speculators. Last week a German loan of 15,000,000 marks and a Russian loan of 35,000,000 marks, together 23,000,000 marks, or about 2 millions sterling, were offered for subscription. The applications amounted to 5,000,000 marks, or 25 millions sterling, and the applicants were almost entirely supplied by the Imperial Bank. In consequence of the accommodation rendered by the bank the note circulation has expanded in the last two months nearly 5,000,000 sterling. The bank therefore, found it absolutely necessary to raise a rate in the hope of stopping the gold withdrawal and attracting the note from abroad.



















